DON'T ASK WHERE IT IS, FOR NOBODY KNOWS

IT ISN'T to be found on any map; none of the histories of New York City mention it; the guides on the big sightseeing cars that roll down Broadway never proclaim it, for they know no more about it than does the big traffic policeman who stands within twenty feet of its portals nor the half million persons that pass those portals every day.

Actor Land, to be exact, is situated within the eastern half of the block bounded by Broadway, Forty-fifth Street, Eighth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, and within its boundaries are contained the stages of the Gaiety, the Fulton and the Astor theatres. The entrances to these stages are connected by a maze of narrow streets or alleys in which the stranger would be quickly lost, but the stranger is spared that danger, for no millionaire's home in New York is more closely guarded against intrusion.

Surrounding this little unseen, unknown city are the three theatres and some dozen stores. To this strange land there are three entrances from the public streets, but one of these is closed, while the two others are watched with jealous care. Of the two open entrances, one lies between the Fulton and the Gaiety theatres on Forty-sixth Street. It is wide and inviting, but two slim and uninviting gentlemen in uniform counteract any suggestion of hospitality that may impress the passerby. But if the Forty-sixth Street entrance to Actor Land is forbidding, the Broadway entrance is disconcerting. Imagine recognizing Forrest Winant, leading man of the "Turn to the Right!" company, walking along New York's most famous street. Just as you are making up your mind that it is a good opportunity to see how a matinee idol knots his cravat or carries his cane, Winant suddenly turns, walks deliberately *into* a big "three-sheet poster" that stands between the lobby of the Astor and the florist's store next door, and DISAPPEARS from sight. The big poster has opened magically, closed as mysteriously, and he is GONE. You try to follow, but quite as mysteriously a colored person in uniform springs into being and politely informs you that it is "No thoroughfare."

But, as privileged characters, let us follow. Through the mysterious opening sign the actor steps into an alley that, if followed to its end, would lead to the stage door of the Astor. But half way down on the right there is a door in a fence and through this Mr. Winant turns and so straight to the stage entrance of the Gaiety. Other favored men and women who have passed through the mysterious sign on Broadway follow Mr. Winant to the first turn and then, turning sharply to the right, reach the branch of this involved system of streets that leads to the entrance of the Fulton stage.

It is, say, 1:30 of an afternoon. From both Broadway and the Forty-sixth Street entrances men and women are hurrying to one or another of the stage doors. They enter dressed in the garb of the street, but soon from the stage door of the Gaiety come a white haired, sweet faced woman, a shambling country lout, a serious-faced man whose coat blows open with the wind to reveal a detective's badge. They turn the corner of the alley, for there is time for a breath of fresh air before matinee curtain, and run plump into a group of German soldiers, who might have come direct from the trenches. To make this even more realistic one gets a view of what looks like shell-scarred trenches themselves just to the south of Actor Land, for hundreds of workmen are digging the foundations, on Forty-fifth Street, for the new Théâtre Française.

If it is a pleasant day the maze of alleys will be crowded with actor folks. Fay Bainter, leading lady of the "Arms and the Girl" company, may be seen—the Tribune photographer saw her, chatting with Mr. Winant and Taylor Holmes, of "Bunker Bean" fame—while two young men who have achieved distinction on the stage as reformed crooks—Frank Nelson and William E. Meehan—bask in the sun near by. Nelson is the "Dynamite Gilly" and Meehan the "Slippery Muggs" of "Turn to the Right. Three anxious looking men in "citizen's clothes" are hovering about the groups. They are the stage managers of the three companies, anxious that sociability shall not interfere with "cues." Suddenly the groups begin to dissolve. The show is on, or rather three shows. In three theatres thousands of playgoers are following the progress of three different dramatic stories. There are many exits and many entrances, and it would disturb the people "in front" not a little of they could see how the persecuted heroine of one, the sorrowing mother of another and the perplexed hero of the third dashed from the Belgium Inn, or the luxurious library or the poor but clean farmhouse, out into the sunlit afternoon for a promenade through the alleys of Actor Land.

The visiting is not confined to the alleys, for when time permits there are frequent social calls in the wings of the various theatres. Pretty Lucy Cotton, of the Gaiety, may drop in at the Fulton to tell Ethel Intropidi of a new gown she saw on Fifth Avenue. Henry Vogel, the stern visaged German general of "Arms and the Girl," has been seen to wipe the moisture from his eyes as he watched from off stage at the Gaiety the meeting between Joe Bascom and his mother in the first act of "Turn to the Right!" and then stop in for a laugh for a scene from "Bunker Bean" on his way to the Fulton, where he will resume his stern visage and demand that the American couple remain in the inn or be shot for spies.

Photos by Greeley Service.

Narrow Is the Way, and Few There Be That Find It.

An everyday scene in the streets of Actortown. In the foreground are Fay Bainter, leading woman of the "Arms and the Girl" Company, holding conversation with Taylor Holmes of "Bunker Bean" fame on her right, and Forrest Winant of "Turn to the Right!" at her left. Between Miss Bainter and Mr. Holmes is Frank Nelson, the safe robber of "Turn to the Right!" while his fellow stage crook, William E. Meehan, is leaning happily against the wall with his hands in his pockets. To the right of Nelson stands Samuel Reed and Alice Hastings of the same company. German soldiers from "Arms and the Girl" and principals from the two other plays complete the group.

One Entrance Is a Gate.

The Other Is a Bill-Board.

Canada's War Zone.

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visions left fewer men than was expected to train the reserves. And as most of the survivors are in England or at the front, commissions actually had to come from civil life or from the ranks. This caused some trouble, but the abuses are being curbed, and Canadian officers are subjected to severe examinations before their commissions are confirmed. On the common below the citadel every afternoon we saw companies of high school boys drilling, and from stuff like this the future officers of the Canadian army will come. They were in dead earnest as they listened to the terse talk of the veteran who was drilling them.

The fact is that the Canadian government is generous in its treatment not only of the prisoners in its charge, but of the soldiers who are helping fight the empire's battles in France. Its military pay is probably the most liberal ever offered to recruits, and already its leaders are planning pension policies. To married men Canada allows active service pay of $1.10, plus a "separation allowance" for the wife amounting to 65 cents per day. This totals $1.75. The unmarried private gets $1.10. Non-commissioned officers receive 60 cents extra as "commutation for quarters and supplies." Home service pay is $1.10 for single men and $1.55 for married.

Widows are awarded $32 a month until remarried, and $6 per child. If the dead soldier was a widower, each child is entitled to $12 a month. Dependents of unmarried men receive $24 a month. The above figures are, of course, only what the government guarantees, and are independent of grants made through the Patriotic Fund, which is maintained by voluntary subscription.

This pension problem, however, is already creating concern among Canadian statesmen. They admit quite frankly that they are studying our own pension system, in order, as one of them said, "to know what to avoid." Estimates vary, but the average pension appropriation is figured at $17,500,000 for each 100,000 men at the front. If the full Canadian quota goes overseas, Canada's fund will reach an annual total of $87,500,000, and some estimates are as high as $100,000,000. The financial condition of the Dominion, however, is causing no concern. The war loan was far over-subscribed at home, and the railroad earnings are rapidly rising. Public work of a civil kind is going along without hindrance, and the huge terminal railroad docks being constructed by the government at Halifax at a cost of $35,000,000 are being pushed rapidly. The fact of the matter is, the war has done Canada a great deal of good. Her resources are enormous and are as yet but scraped on the surface, and the next ten years should see a marvellous development within the Dominion borders. The biggest return on the war, however, is of even more importance to her future. As a Canadian lawyer and member of Parliament expressed it, "Canada has suddenly awakened to the fact that she is a nation."

The Last Bullet

By Thea von Puttkamer: Translated, with Introductory Comment, by William L. McPherson.

The von Puttkamers are a prolific literary family. Two stories by Hedwig von Puttkamer have appeared in The Tribune Sunday Magazine—"The Stronger Soul," on September 3, and "When the Roses Bloom," on October 1. Anna Lucie K. A. von Puttkamer, widow of the former Prussian Cabinet Minister, was long known as a writer of poetry and history; Jesko L. C. von Puttkamer is a novelist of high standing, and Baroness Marie Madeline von Puttkamer has also distinguished herself in the field of fiction. The author of the story which follows is Thea von Puttkamer, no details of whose career are recorded in the last German "Who's Who."

It is hard to say just what basis of fact underlies her tale of guerilla savagery between the lines. The franc-tireur played a very conspicuous rôle in the Franco-German war of 1870-'71. But that was because there was then no general conscription in France, and in the provinces overrun by German troops tens of thousands of able-bodied men remained at home, and many of them organized into guerilla bands and engaged in irregular and often merely murderous warfare. In this war only women, old men and children have been left behind, and the scope of franc-tireur activities has been greatly narrowed.

However that may be, the situation with which the story deals is handled with imaginative restraint and literary skill. There is nothing exaggerated or artificial in the vivid picture of terror, mental and physical, which the author evokes. It is understandable enough to Americans, who still have grisly memories of our Indian campaigns and of the fate of luckless American soldiers left to the mercy of the squaws prowling near the battle lines.

"WE'LL be back! We'll come back and get you!"

So they called out, as they hurried from the firing line to some cover which lay opportunely in the rear. One of them loosened his canteen from his belt as he ran, and tossed it in the direction of a body which sought to straighten itself up and yet could not rise an inch from the blood-soaked grass.

"We'll come back and get you, without fail!"

Even if they were a little scant of breath (in a hasty retreat the heart often beats furiously and gets up into the throat), the promise they gave as they disappeared sounded very positive and very reassuring.

Yet it was hard to understand why they didn't stand firm—why, at least, they didn't grasp the arms raised pleadingly toward them—did not lift the crawling bodies and care for them. For were they not comrades?

They could run away. They were still sound in limb. But were they not still comrades? They had not suddenly become enemies of those with whom they had hitherto fought side by side and whom they now left lying here, just at the moment when they most needed assistance, when they were writhing helplessly in agony, when, with eyes growing every minute duller, they saw their own precious blood flowing away, without the strength to staunch it?

For a moment the wounded men felt no longer the pain in their shattered bodies; their mental suffering was sharper. Only gradually the idea penetrated their clouded brains. They can't do anything else; they must go back without us. Too much is at stake in the game—the good of the whole. One must take into account first of all the safety of the living, of the unwounded, those here at the front and those back home.

We—we are no longer of very great importance. We have come all at once into the second, negligible line. But it is bitter, nevertheless. To have done one's duty, cheerfully and bravely and then to be nothing but a sacrifice—a bleeding, helpless sacrifice.

But they will come back—either the comrades or the ambulance men.

"Yes, they will come back."

So Volunteer Robert Krafft also sought to reconcile himself with the inevitable. He had been stricken down on the edge of the little wood. He had tumbled into some thorny blackberry bushes. These took hold in the cloth of his field gray uniform, tore the flesh of the hand with which he had sought to break his fall, and gave him a scratch clear across his cheek when he turned his head toward the last unwounded comrades hurrying back through the underbrush, all making steadily for the rear.

He remained lying there, imbedded in the creeping blackberry vines.

"Accursedly uncomfortable; even the blackberries are unfriendly in this confounded foreign land," he said to himself in a grim vein of pleasantry.

He let his eyes wander up toward the sky, hoping to find something there which would relieve his mind from the terror of solitude, from pain and rage—some thought, a snatch of sleep, perhaps a dream.

From a branch overhead a golden leaf drops slowly through the air. How it flutters and shimmers in the sunlight! It falls right on the mouth of the wounded man, and from it exhales an odor, faint and delicate, yet plainly perceptive to his excited nerves, of impending decay.

Something like nausea attacks him. Not that, for God's sake! Not earth heaped over me, nor these mouldering leaves to hide my face!

"Bah! I am not fallen, or even wounded. I must get away! Back to my regiment! To do my duty—to enjoy life—now, and later, and always! I must be up and off!"

He tried vainly to lift his body.

"No? Well, then, I must stay here."

Somewhere in the hip there was trouble—somewhere in the hip and also in the right arm. So one must wait. But they will advance again; they will come back and help.

There was rifle fire again—off to one side. Single, scattering reports. Oh, to be there once more! To aim, to fire, to hit the mark! How it recalled his hunting days! And now he was himself the hunted—God be thanked, not pursued and not trapped, only wounded.

"If I could only lick the inflammation out of my wounds as animals do! What is this dancing before my eyes? The lights and shadows play with me. The sun mirrors itself in the faded white poplar leaves. These cast their rays on me like the little reflectors with which, as children, we used to annoy the old maid seamstress across the way. Or are they shining shields? A new battle begins—with ten thousand Liliputian warriors. They clamber down, stick their needles in my wounds—in my neck and hands. Comrades, help me!

"No, no; I come to you. I float softly, like a golden leaf, into the blue, into the void"——

. . . . . .

There—was not that his name?

"Krafft, Volunteer Krafft!"

It was his captain who called.

The sleeper raised himself and made a motion as if he would give a salute. But it was a failure. And, merciful heaven, the man whose head he saw plainly through the blackberry bushes did not look as if he expected such a demonstration of respect. So sallow—his eyes distended as if he had seen something horrible.

Once more the call: "Krafft!"

But why so smothered?

In a loud voice he answered: "Here, captain!"

But the other turned around as if in terror.

"Hush! Not so loud!" he said.

He had not yet seen Krafft. The creepers which had penetrated the latter's uniform and into his body must have furnished a first rate cover.

The captain looked anxiously behind him. Could there be somebody on his trail?

Krafft comprehended now that he ought not to speak loudly. He grasped some of the blackberry bushes in his hand and rustled them.

Now the captain, who was crawling on all fours and every now and then stopped to press his hand to his breast, had caught sight of the soldier under the brambles. Dragging himself closer, he whispered:

"Man, you have a good hiding place there. I saw you fall and felt that you must be somewhere in the neighborhood. What's that you say? Accursed blackberry bushes? You ought to be glad that you are lying in them!"

His face became distorted again.

"Can you see—there—below there?"

He pointed toward the trench in which the vanished skirmish line had sought temporary shelter, and then, after a losing fight, had retreated further to the rear to make connection with the main body.

"No? You see nothing?"

A pitiful cry came to their ears. As frightened women scream—or tortured beasts. So shrieked now—a man.

The volunteer felt as if a snake had struck him—over his heart. He mumbled a single word and the captain nodded.

Again the fearful cry came, this time more smothered. The two wounded men clenched their fists. Alas, the shattered breast, the broken hip! Not to be able to help! What must the torment be when a soldier cried out like that!

What atrocities had they devised this time—the franc-tireurs?

Along with his compassion for a tortured comrade there rose in Robert Krafft's mind the horror which he had already seen written in the captain's bulging eyes—the horror of a similar fate.

"They will come back; they will save us yet, captain."

He pointed in the direction in which the German troops had disappeared. But his teeth chattered as if with bitter cold. Good God, he did not himself believe his own words! This terrible fear! It was a thousand times better to be dead, beyond pain, like the comrade killed in action for whom only a few hours ago he had felt a real sorrow.

What curse had fallen upon them that they should not fall as brave men ought to fall, but shuddering with fear of mutilation, tortured like the poor victim in the abandoned trench?

"Captain, get in here quickly! Here nobody can see you, any more than you could see me."

The captain measured the tangle of creepers with a doleful look.

"Impossible, my good man. It is too small to cover two of us. Stay there, it is sufficient cover for you."

The volunteer felt thankful that he had not worked his way out of the blackberry brambles. Perhaps he was really in a safe place? Then his concern for his company commander was again awakened.

"Maybe they will not find us here under the thick trees, captain," he said.

"Don't you believe it. The old witch over there has sent out her children as dogs to beat up the bush. One of them saw me a while ago. But without that old devil, their grandmother, they are afraid to take any chances."

"How many are there of them?"

"So far as I could distinguish through the glass, three or four. They usually spring out of the ground like mushrooms."

"Captain," whispered Krafft, after a brief silence. "Captain, have you a revolver? If there are only three or four of them I can probably choke one of them with my left hand."

"I have only two shots left in the revolver," said the company commander very slowly, as if fighting against drowsiness, "and not another cartridge left."

"But that's enough for us both," hissed the young man through the underbrush, so penetratingly that the elder seemed to awaken out of his half stupor, raised himself and gazed through the bramble screen at his hidden neighbor.

"I beg of you, captain" (and it sounded more like a demand than a request); "the first bullet for me, captain."

"Listen, my good young man" (and the captain changed suddenly to the more familiar form of personal address, though neither of them noticed it). "I shoot you? That is impossible."

"Captain, you must! Will you let me be butchered?"

"My dear man, I can't do it. I could never go through with it. I can scarcely do it for myself."

"Then give me the revolver, captain—give it to me now. I'll do it."

"No," said the officer, once more assuming the sharp tone of command, even though he smiled.

"No. Let your superior in rank have precedence in crossing to the other side. And listen! You must wait until the very last moment. I know that you are not alone in the world, as I am. You have a mother. I feel it in my bones that you will be saved. Wait, then, until the last. But don't let yourself—don't let yourself be suffocated!"

The volunteer was going to make another plea. But the bullet was quicker than he. The dull report told him that his com

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